

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

VOL. XXIII.—No. 18. A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

MAY 10, 1908.



MADONNA AND CHILD—F. ITTENBACH.

THE spring is here—the delicate-footed May,
With her slight fingers full of leaves and
flowers;

And with her comes a thirst to be away,
Wasting in wood-paths her delightful hours—
A feeling that is like a sense of wings,
Restless to soar above these fleeting things.

N. P. WILLIS.

For Every Other Sunday.

HAROLD'S SURPRISEFUL BIRTHDAY.

BY INA WRIGHT HANSON.

HAROLD LEE went to bed feeling very miserable. The next day was his birthday, and if it hadn't been for the baby, he would have gone to grandpa's, out in the country, where there were pigs to feed and cows to milk and eggs to hunt and lots of other splendid things to see and do and taste and smell.

But the tiresome baby had been having scarlet fever, and a man had tacked up a card on the house so no one could come inside, and nobody who was in could get out. Of course if the baby had been very sick, why that would have been different; then he would have been feeling very sorry for her; but she wasn't sick at all hardly, and in a few days more the card would be taken off, but his birthday would be over by then.

The next morning Harold dressed himself very slowly, and looked very cross. He didn't smile when mamma said to hurry to breakfast, and see what was under his plate. Of course there would be something under his plate, but what was a birthday present, when he couldn't go to grandpa's? But when he had sat down to the table, and had opened the package under his plate, he did smile a little ghost of a smile, because it was a knife, and the very kind he wanted. Wrapped around the knife was a paper with writing on. Harold spelled it out very slowly:

"Dear Harold Lee, you may use me
Until the clock strikes nine;
Then put me by, and don't you cry,
But look on mother's clothesline."

The little boy looked up, and now he was smiling for earnest. "Why, maybe that means a surprise!" he exclaimed.

And when mamma laughed and papa laughed, then he knew it meant a surprise.

Nine o'clock seemed to come quite a little sooner that morning, and he hadn't had much time to use his knife after all, because he had to help mamma; but, as she said, there were plenty of days ahead in which to use the knife. Anyway he was pretty anxious to find what was on the clothesline.

Before the clock had finished striking, he was taking off a red-covered book full of pictures and little verses and stories. A great deal of it he could read, for Harold was the best reader in his class; and when he came to one he couldn't read, he just looked at the picture, and made up something, and that was just as much fun.

He was so pleased with his book, sitting out under the pepper-tree, that he forgot to look for any more surprises, till a little folded paper fell out of the book. This paper said:

"Paint the rose red, paint the violet blue,
You're a pretty good boy, and father loves you;
When you're tired of your book, go into the house,
To the top of the stairs as still as a mouse."

Harold wasn't tired of his book, but he wondered what was at the top of the stairs. So he took his book into the house, and crept like a mouse up the stairs. There was nothing at the top but a paper, and this is what it said:

"Now go down the stairs as still as you came,
And go till you come to the old grape frame."

When Harold reached the grape arbor, he laughed at the idea of calling it a "frame," he found a box of paints and some brushes, and a pile of old magazines with lots of pictures.

Before he began to paint, he looked all around for another paper, but he didn't find any.

"I guess this must be all," he said to himself, with a long breath, for he would have liked the fun to last. But he went to painting his pictures very contentedly. After awhile papa came out to tell him dinner was ready, and he stooped to pick up a pin. With a shout Harold was on his back, and papa was running like mad around the house. Mamma came out with the baby to see the fun, and baby clapped her little hands and laughed. What a dear, little baby she was anyway! Then Harold washed and combed and sat down to dinner.

It was such a good dinner, and after Harold had eaten and eaten, papa asked him to take care of the baby while he helped mamma do up the work. So baby was put into her cab, and Harold wheeled her up and down the walk in the sunshine, till she fell asleep. Then mamma came out to get her, and when she lifted her out, if there wasn't a folded paper in the cab! Baby had been lying on it all the time! Wasn't Harold delighted to find more surprises when he thought they were all over?

This one told him to go to the south-east corner of the back fence, and there he found a bag of candy. The candy's paper told him to go to the north-west corner of the front fence. Here were oranges, yellow and fragrant.

All that short afternoon Harold went from place to place, finding surprises. He thought surely it was all over when he went to bed, tired and sleepy and happy; but right on the foot of his bed was a Maltese kitten, purring for all she was worth!

"Miss Kitten came to the door about four o'clock," explained mamma, "and asked to come in. So unless some one comes to claim her, we shall suppose she is a birthday present too."

Harold stroked her gently: then he put his arms around mamma's neck.

"It has been a very surprising birthday," he said sleepily, "and some better than going to grandpa's, and I'm sorry I was cross."

TAKE time for the little courtesies of life. Be not so wrapped up in the contemplation of great things that the small duties are left unnoticed and undone.

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

DOROTHY'S LETTER.

BY HELEN T. PREBLE.

"HERE comes the postman. Do you suppose he has a letter for me, mamma?"

"Run and open the door, dearie, and we shall soon see who has a letter."

Dorothy hurried to the door and when the postman passed the letter to her he said,

"That letter has come a long, long way."

Dorothy's mother looked at the handwriting and at the postmark and said:

"Dolly, darling, let us open that letter very quickly. It is from dear Uncle Jack, and I think he is on his way home from California."

Sure enough, Uncle Jack was on his way home, but just now he was staying at the Alvarado Hotel, which is in a small city called by the hard name of Albuquerque. Did you ever see so many q's and u's together?

This is what Uncle Jack wrote to Dorothy:

"Dear little Dot,—A long time ago I promised a certain little girl that sometime I would write her a letter, and to-day I am going to keep my promise. Some day I shall go East to see all the dear home people, but just now I am having a very good time in New Mexico. New Mexico isn't a real State like our old Bay State, but it expects to be soon. Now it is a territory. You ask daddy to tell you the difference.

"I came here yesterday evening, and this morning I went for a walk and saw so many things that you would like to see, that I am going to tell you about them.

"When I first left the hotel, I almost ran into a little burro who was feeding by the hotel gate. A burro is the funniest kind of an animal that you can think of. He is very small and he looks some like a donkey and some like a pony. His ears are pointed and his hair is long and rough. But how he can run! You never would believe, unless you saw him go, that such a little fellow could get over the ground so fast. I gave this burro some peanuts that I found in my pocket, and walked on a block or two, and what do you suppose I saw then but two Indian boys. They were really, truly Indians, not dressed up, make-believe ones. They wore their hair long and were wrapped in red blankets and wore leather trousers, which were laced up with strips of narrow leather. Around their waists were tied broad sashes of bright colored worsted stuff, and on their feet were moccasins, ornamented with all kinds of beads. I tell you they looked pretty gay. They were chattering away in real Indian talk and I wondered if they were talking about campfires and war councils, such as we read about in the book Auntie Sue gave you. But these were not wild Indians, but very harmless ones, so I suppose they were telling each other what a beautiful, sunny day it was.

"After I came back and had my dinner at the hotel, I went along the veranda, out through the courtyard, down some steps, and I came upon two of the tiniest Indian children I ever saw. Such black, bead-like eyes I am sure you never saw, nor such straight, black hair. They ran away when they saw me, but I tried to coax them back by placing some pennies on a seat near by. First one peeped out by the Navajo blanket behind which she was hiding, and pretty soon I saw another pair of bright eyes and very slowly they sidled up nearer and then ran swiftly past me to pick up the pennies. I wish you might have seen what they wore. Such clothes would look very queer on you, Dorothy, but somehow the straight-waisted dresses of dark calico looked just right for a real Indian child. You would like some beads like theirs and it may be that I will send you some. Anyway, I will tell you about them. One of the children wore a long string that came below her knees, and there were round red beads, large, flat green beads, and oval silver beads all strung on a piece of white twine with now and then a ten-cent piece put in for luck, I suppose. The smaller girl wore three separate strings: one was of large red beads, the next of tiny green ones,

and the shortest string was of very large tarnished silver beads.

"While I watched them, they scampered in through the open door and I followed to find, when I reached the room beyond, that they were both busily at work. What do you suppose they were doing? Why! weaving a blanket like the one Cousin Kate has in the nursery. You used to call it 'Cousin Kate's Nabbyho Blanket.' Do you remember?

"I stood and watched the tiniest girl pulling a shuttle back and forth, and I could see the threads of red and yellow forming a pattern. In the farther part of the room were two Indian women also at work. One was clearing great bunches of wool with something that looked like a comb: the other was weaving a black and white blanket.

"But the best sight of all was the fat little Indian baby asleep on a red shawl, in a dark corner. He was as black as any little Indian baby could be and very fat, and he was sucking his thumb exactly like any other baby. I gave him a little poke, hoping he would wake up, but he kept on sleeping, and I came away wishing that you might have seen this bunch of Indian babies with me.

"This is a long letter for a little girl, and you must write and tell me how you would like to be Yaza and Tsosni-Pah, the two little girls I saw first.

"Be a good girl and tell me what you think of the postal cards I am sending with this letter. A kiss and a hug from,

"UNCLE JACK.

"ALBUQUERQUE, N.M.
March the 2d, 1906."

FIRST NOTES OF SPRING.

LITTLE brown buds on the lilac bushes,

Curling leaves where the tulips wake,
Glimpses of green from sleeping jonquils,
Chirpings sweet which the sparrows make.

Tinkling sounds where the brooks are playing,

Brilliant moss where the gray stones lie,
Golden gleams from a happy crocus
Greeting the spring with ecstasy.

Soothing breath of the warm wind blowing,

Twitt'ring music the robins sing,
Then, with its thrill of perfect beauty,
Comes the flash of a bluebird's wing.

Myrtle.

For Every Other Sunday.

LITTLE JACK AND THE SPECTACLES

BY LENNA WILLIAMSON BROWN.

LITTLE Jack Hazelton was visiting with Uncle Tom and Aunt Lucy on the farm. Every summer he spent two weeks with them, which were one continuous round of pleasure and excitement; for little Jack lived in a great crowded city which always seemed to crowd and stifle him more than ever when he returned from his annual outing at Uncle Tom's.

Aunt Lucy was the dearest, best woman in the world, always excepting mamma, with little Jack, and he dearly loved Uncle Tom, too, although not quite so well as Aunt Lucy. Uncle Tom was very fond of little Jack, but he was always so busy that he seldom had much time to spend with his little nephew. He worked very hard, and sometimes it seemed that he took little pleasure in anything outside of his work and its results.

On this particular day of which I am writing it was raining, and little Jack had curled himself up in a large rocker near the window in the dining-room to watch and wait for the rain to cease, so that he might go out and wade in the duck pond.

Aunt Lucy was busy in the kitchen, and Uncle Tom was in the barn, and the room was very quiet. Little Jack watched the rain splashing

into little pools over the yard, and listened to its steady patter, patter on the window-pane until he began to grow drowsy. Then a queer little voice behind him made him rouse up wide-awake—at least he thought so—and look about. What do you suppose he saw? I know you would never guess. It was the funniest looking little person he had ever seen.

An odd little man stood beside him. He was scarcely so tall as little Jack, although his face seemed very old and very wise. He wore a very tight-fitting costume with a pointed cap and pointed shoes. There was a wide pointed collar about his neck, and his snug little jacket was finished with points around the bottom. He carried an odd looking case in his hand, and, when he saw little Jack's look of astonishment, he bowed very low and said:

"I beg your pardon if I have disturbed you. My name is Mr. Forma Habit. I am selling spectacles, although they cost you no money. You simply wear them every day, and they are yours." And he quickly threw open the case and displayed a great number of spectacles, of which no two pairs seemed to be just alike. "Would you not like a pair?" he inquired.

"No, thank you," said little Jack. "My eyes are good. I don't need any."

"Don't need any! Of course, you need spectacles. If you don't learn to wear them now, how are you going to be able to wear them when you become old and do need them? Just let me try this pair on you. They are just like your Aunt Lucy wears." And before little Jack had time to object he had slipped a neat little pair over his eyes and bidden him to try them.

Jack looked out of the window and was astonished to see how lovely and beautiful everything looked even in the rain. Beyond the clouds he could see the sun shining, painting their edges with silver and pearl, while a most beautiful rainbow stretched its brilliant arch across the sky. The flowers in their beds were more beautiful than ever he had seen them before, and even the dog-fennel and the rag-weed in the barnyard seemed to blossom into loveliness.

Little Jack was just ready to say, "I'll keep this pair. I'd like to wear them forever because things are so beautiful through them," when his strange little visitor snatched them away, and quickly adjusted another pair to his astonished eyes, saying: "These are like your Uncle Tom's. See how you like them."

Jack gazed out through the window again, but what a change! The sky was dull and leaden, but dropping from it were tiny globules of gold and silver which bounced and rolled swiftly out of sight among the roots of the grains and grasses, to reappear again in leaf and ear, where they were to be had for the mere plucking.

Down by the barn waddled and wallowed the hogs which little Jack had never really admired before, but through these spectacles they seemed to be one of the most beautiful sights one might gaze upon. Their round fat bodies charmed him with a golden beauty of which he had never before been aware. The horses and cows, in fact all of the domestic animals, were very charming to see except Tom, the cat, and little Jack wondered if Tom were sick, he looked so wretched.

He now looked for Aunt Lucy's flowers, thinking how gorgeous they must appear through these spectacles; but to his surprise he could hardly distinguish them from the dog-fennel and rag-weed. A large cockle-bur growing in one corner of the barnyard attracted his attention, and so filled him with disgust that he started

to jump down from the chair and rush out into the rain to pluck it up by the roots; but his quick movement jarred the spectacles from his nose, and they fell to the floor with a terrible crash carrying little Jack with them. His visitor disappeared before he could say Jack Robinson, and Aunt Lucy with anxious face appeared in the door and said:

"What is the matter? Did you fall out of the chair?"

"No," said little Jack indignantly. "It was all the fault of that little spectacle man. Where did he go?"

"What spectacle man?" said Aunt Lucy.

"Why, didn't you see him? He was here just a moment ago." Then he told Aunt Lucy all about the odd little man, and she smiled and patted his cheek and said he had been dreaming.

But this little Jack stoutly denied, and to this day, whenever two persons can't see alike, he maintains that it is because Mr. Forma Habit has given them different kinds of spectacles.

A RAINDROP.

A RAINDROP is a little thing,
But on the thirsty ground,
It helps to make the flowers of spring,
And beauty spread around.

A ray of light may seem to be
Lost in the blaze of day;
But its sweet mission God can see,
Who sends it on its way.

COLESWORTHY.

For Every Other Sunday.

JET.

BY ABBIE F. RANSOM.

LITTLE Elmer lived in the country on the top of a high hill. On one side of the house the hill sloped away to a beautiful brook where Elmer used to play for many hours at a time. He would build tiny dams where the water could go rushing over the stones, singing the sweetest songs you ever heard, and again he would whittle out a water-wheel, and fix it in the brook, so that the wheel would turn round and round as the water ran over it. It was a nice place for a boy to play, and mamma knew that no harm could come to him among the trees, with the birds singing around him and the brook for a companion.

But one day when Elmer went to the brook, he heard the funniest whirring noise in the goldenrods which grew near a big maple, not far from where he built his dam. At first he thought it might be a great bear which had somehow come there during the night. Or, perhaps, it might be one of those hostile Indians Brother George was reading about in his history lesson. So he stood very still and listened for a moment, opening his bright brown eyes just as wide as he could. But no matter how wide he opened them, he could see no trace of a bear or Indian, so he tiptoed very, very softly in his bare feet down to the edge of the brook.

Even there he could not catch a glimpse of anything, so he waded through and went quietly to the spot where he had seen the goldenrod moving, as though something was beneath it. Then he bent down and what do you suppose he saw? A poor, wounded crow, struggling and trying its best to get away. Some cruel boy must have thrown stones at it, for one of its wings was broken and its leg. It looked up, when it saw Elmer, and tried still harder to get out of the way, and made the queerest kind of a moan, as if to say:

"Don't hurt me, little boy. Go away and leave me alone: only I wish you might help me."

Now Elmer was just seven years old, and at first he was almost afraid to touch the crow at all, but after a moment he reached his hands down into the goldenrod, and lifted the poor bird up very tenderly. Then he held it carefully against his red blouse and carried it back to the house, talking to it all the way.

Now, it happened that the doctor was there to see Elmer's mamma about some grapes she had to sell, and when he saw the crow he set its wing and its leg just as carefully as though it was Elmer himself who was hurt. Then mamma made it a bed in a box in the woodshed where nothing would disturb or frighten it. It was only a few weeks until it was well, and by that time it had grown so tame that it would follow mamma all over the house. But Elmer was the one Jet cared for most. Jet, you see, was the name Elmer had given it, because it was so black. It would fly down and perch on his head, or if it was up in the branch of the apple-tree, and saw Elmer coming, it would call out just as plain as you could say it:

"Elmer! Elmer!"

One day something occurred that made every one love Jet more than ever. Mamma was lying down to rest for an hour, and Elmer was at play in the brook when he heard Jet calling him in a very loud tone. "Elmer! Elmer!" it called, and then stopping a moment began all over again. "Elmer! Elmer! Elmer!" just as quickly as it could cry the words.

Jet did it in such a strange way and kept it up for so long that Elmer began to think that something must be wrong. He ran to the house as fast as his little feet could carry him, and what do you think he found?

Some one had set the grass on fire by the roadside, and it had crept up until it was burning the chips which lay scattered all around the wood piled against the side of the shed built close to the back kitchen. A very few minutes more and the house would have been in a blaze.

Elmer saw it at a glance, and it did not take him long to rouse mamma, you may be sure. She sent him down the road to tell Mr. Read, who lived in the next house, and while he was gone she worked all alone to put out the fire, while Jet sat in the apple-tree and called:

"Elmer! Elmer! Hur—Hur—Hur—Hurry up!"

You may be sure Elmer did hurry up, and when he got back with Mr. Read, papa was home from the city, and the fire was soon put out with very little damage, except to the wood pile. Then Jet flew down upon Elmer's head and picked at his cap with his beak which was his way of asking for a romp on the grass.

While they were rolling around having a great time together, Elmer stroked the glossy wings of his pet and said:

"You're the dearest, nicest bird I ever saw. You saved our house from going up in smoke, and I love you more than ever."

Papa was standing by and he sat down upon the grass and threw his arms around them both.

"It all comes from your not leaving a poor wounded crow to endure pain alone, my boy. Kind actions, even to a bird, bring rich rewards. Sometimes it is nothing more than keeping your own heart warm by loving everything, but that is a great deal. There is an old, old song which goes this way:

"He prayeth best who loveth most
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."



TEMPLE OF ISIS, POMPEII.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE FIRST ENGLISH POSTMASTER.

BY GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

BY name Brian Tuke, with an honorable prefix of Sir, is described (1533) in official records as "Magister Nunciatorum Cursorum, sive Postarum . . . both in England and in other parts of the King's dominions beyond the seas." Long subsequent to such appointment, so the records of the time saith, details of such service of accommodation were regulated by proclamation and orders in council. In a curious collection of such royal edicts preserved in the library of the Society of Antiquaries is one of Philip and Mary, to regulate the supply of horses for conveyance of letters to Dover.

A little later (1556 is the date given) the lords of the council gave order "that the postes betweene this and the Northe should eche of them keepe a booke, and make entrie of everie lettre that he shall receive, the tyme of the deliverie thereof unto his hands, with the parties' names that shall bring it unto him." In the earlier years of the reign of Queen Bess much of the foreign postal service to and from England was controlled by the "incorporated merchant strangers." After James I. came to the throne, the use of post-horses came into vogue; and early in the seventeenth century appointment was made whereby the first Lord Stanhope, and his son after him, should hold the office of postmastership of England, under the title of "Master of Posts and Messengers," with a salary of one hundred marks a year, with all avails and profits thereto accruing.

CHEERY LIVING.

GRUMBLE? No; what's the good?
If it availed, I would;
But it doesn't a bit—
Not it.

Laugh? Yes; why not?
'Tis better than crying a lot;
We were made to be glad,
Not sad.

Sing? Why, yes, to be sure.
We shall better endure
If the heart's full of song
All day long.

Love? Yes, unceasingly,
Ever increasingly;
Friends' burdens wearing,
Their sorrows sharing;

Their happiness making,
For pattern taking
The One above,
Who is love.

Motherhood.

For Every Other Sunday.

THE LITTLE PLOUGHMAN.

BY LINDA DEARMOND.

GOOD-MORNING, Mr. Worm!" said a grasshopper as he was going for a walk. "What brings you out so early? They say 'the early bird catches the worm,' so I guess it must be true if they are all like you!"

"Early! do you call this early?" said the

worm. "It is late. Why I am just going home to rest a bit. My work is all done at night while you are sleeping. If it was not for us the earth would be so hard nothing would grow, for it is the ploughing we give it that makes the soil soft and fertile."

"But how do you get along so fast?" called the bee as he was buzzing on his way. "It surely does not look as if you had any eyes!"

"You are right about that," said the worm. "I have no eyes, just feel my way."

"How can you without feet, for you don't seem to have them either?"

"Stupid!" cried the worm. "I have hairs all over my body which slant backward, these prevent me from slipping and assist me in going backward or forward. And the rings on my body are made to draw up, so if danger is near I can make myself very small."

"Well, friends, I must be going!"

"But do stay and tell us what kind of a house you live in: that must be queer too," fiddled the grasshopper.

"We commence our home by boring a hole in the earth. It has a very small opening at the top, where little round balls of earth are placed to keep out intruders; then a leaf is drawn down to serve as a door and keep the water out. The hole or passage is dug down so far the frost cannot reach us, and at the bottom is a large chamber where we sleep in winter, only coming out when it is warm. It is mostly the sickly worms you find on a rainy day. They come up for fresh air and are caught in the storms, then, being too weak to find their way back, are drowned."

"Now I must hurry home or my folks will surely think I was caught by the early bird."

For Every Other Sunday.

A NOVEL MAY-BASKET.

BY EMMA G. RANDALL.

LIFE at Fairview was monotonous; there was no disguising the fact. Something must be done to liven up things.

This decision was reached by the three maidens from the North who had come down to Fairview to spend the winter.

It was May-day and it was decided that hanging a May-basket would be just the thing.

So they went to work at once to manufacture one, depending on their ingenuity, for they had no time to make anything fancy.

At the suggestion of the "thin" maiden, who was fruitful in resources, a strawberry basket was hastily filled.

First, a good-sized onion was placed in the bottom of the basket, then grouped around this, as a centrepiece, were raisins and crackers, a good large doughnut, and more onions till the basket was rounding full.

It was planned to give this fragrant token to one of the neighbors, Chester, by name, who enjoyed a joke as well as the three maidens.

So the two "stout" ones sallied forth toward the bridge, while the "thin" one was commissioned to bravely march up to the front door and hang it on the door-knob, and then ring the bell and run.

This all seemed very easy to the "thin" one who could run almost as swiftly as when she was sweet sixteen.

So with a great show of bravery she took the basket, while the others hastened to a place of safety where they could watch the proceedings.

The door was reached; but alas! a difficulty was presented as the front door was pushed back, and in order to get at it, the screen door had to be opened stealthily. She felt like a house-breaker as she stood gazing in through the door at the family in the dining-room.

She carefully opened the screen door; and, as she was quietly pushing it back, it gave a horrible squeak.

The noise was not noticed by the family, and at last the basket was safely hanging on the door. She gave the bell a tremendous pull and fled with her old-time youthful swiftness for the bridge.

There the three hidden by the bridge waited like culprits for Chester to run out in search of the perpetrators of the deed.

They were disappointed, however, and finally started for home.

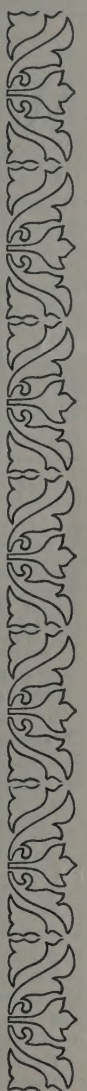
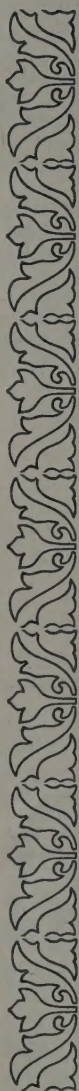
In order to reach their home they had to pass directly by his front door, and fearing he would jump out at them they walked very quickly and quietly till they were a safe distance away.

They were talking earnestly as they turned into the long driveway which led up to their home, and were so interested in their conversation that it was just by chance that they happened to look up as they heard a peculiar noise. What was that?

One look was sufficient. With a scream, which could only be rivalled by wild Indians, two of the maidens ran for dear life, expecting the monstrous black object, which was grunting like a hog, to grab them before they could reach the shelter of the house. Visions of wild-cats flitted through their minds, and it seemed miles to the front piazza, which they finally reached.

With a groan of relief, they sank down behind the sheltering vines.

What was their amazement when they found that Mary, the courageous, was not with them, and they ran quickly back a few steps to find her.



HOLY SPINNER—C. LANDELLE.

She was slowly and smilingly walking along with the "wild-cat," who proved to be Chester.

All laughed heartily at the quick-witted way he had taken to "get even" with them, and for many a day much amusement was furnished when they thought of the "horrible wild-cat."

JUST THIS MINUTE.

If we're thoughtful just this minute

In whate'er we say and do;

If we put a purpose in it

That is honest through and through,

We shall gladden life, and give it

Grace to make it all sublime;

For, though life is long, we live it

Just this minute at a time.

Just this minute, we are going

Toward the right or toward the wrong,

Just this minute we are sowing

Seeds of sorrow or of song,

Just this minute, we are thinking

On the ways that lead to God,

Or in idle dreams are sinking

To the level of the clod.

Yesterday is gone; to-morrow

Never comes within our grasp;

Just this minute's joy or sorrow,

That is all our hands may clasp.

Just this minute! Let us take it

As a pearl of precious price,

And with high endeavor make it

Fit to shine in Paradise.

NIXON WATERMAN.

Argument is not always truth. KOSSUTH.

A WORD of Jesus, lost and then recovered again, tells us that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Not many people seem to believe this. Most of us like to receive, not many of us like as well to give. We think we are making a sacrifice when we pass to others, or give to God's cause, the things which we have received. But really the only way to make these gifts true blessings to us is to bestow them upon others in need.

Good books are true friends.

BACON.

For Every Other Sunday.

JOHN'S LESSON.

BY BERTHA E. BUSH.

WHEN John Greenleaf Smith was six years old, his mother called him to her very soberly.

"John," she said, "you are old enough to take care of your own things. I do not mean to pick them up for you any more. Every night when you go to bed, I want you to gather up all your clothes, and hang them over the little rocking chair, ready to put on in the morning. I have enough to do, looking out for your little sister and the baby. You are big enough to look out for yourself."

John felt very proud at first. He carefully gathered up his clothes and put them just where his mother said. Oh, how soon he was dressed in the morning! But after a few days he did not hang them up, but flung them in a little heap on the couch.

"I can find them to put on just as well there," he said. And before long he got back into the old habit of dropping his clothes down wherever he happened to take them off. Mother did not say a word. She waited for John to learn his lesson.

One morning he was awakened by hearing the bell ring. Grandpa had come to make an early call and take John out to the farm with him. The farm was the most delightful place to go that you can think of.

John scrambled out of bed in a twinkling. He rushed downstairs in his little white nightie, and washed himself in the bath-room. Then he hurried to dress. But he couldn't find half of his clothes.

"Where did you leave them?" asked mamma.

"On—on—the floor," answered John.

"Well, you could hardly expect things to stay on the floor," said mamma.

John ran back to his room. Perhaps he had undressed there. No clothes. He went upstairs. They were not there. He looked in the kitchen. He looked under the bath-tub. He looked in the dining-room and the parlor and the hall. One by one he collected the most of them; but he couldn't find his stockings.

The rest sat down to breakfast.

"John!" called his grandfather, "you must hurry and get ready if you are going to the farm with me."

"Yes, sir," said John, almost crying.

Back and forth he went again, barefooted in all the places. He found one stocking under the couch, but where was the other? He couldn't find it anywhere.

"I can only stay ten minutes more," said grandpa. Mamma was putting up some lunch in a paper bag. John was really crying now.

"Five minutes more," said kind grandpa. "Let's all turn in and help find the boy's stocking."

But they just couldn't find it. They hunted everywhere. And, sad to say, every other stocking John had was in the wash.

"Well, I'll have to go. I'll take you next time," said grandpa. Just then the baby in her cab began to cry. Mother took her up, and there, under the cradle quilt, in the warm little nest where she had lain was John's stocking.

"O grandpa, wait!" cried John. With one shoe and stocking on, and the other in his hand, his cap hindsided before, and not a bit of breakfast, John rushed out, and climbed into the wagon.

"I'm afraid I ought not to have let him go," said mother, as she handed up the paper bag.

"I think he has learned his lesson," said grandpa.

THE EXPRESS TO SLEEPYTOWN.

I KNOW a little traveller
Who every single night
Starts upon a long, long journey,
That lasts till broad daylight.

Her ticket reads, "Sleepytown Express,"
Stamped "Papa's Good-night Kiss";
And when she pays him with a hug,
He says: "I thank you, Miss."

"Just take the berth marked 'Dreamy-land,'
You mount it by the stairs,
Make haste, because the train should start
Soon as you've said your prayers."

"Remember, too, on this express,
You tightly close your eyes;
And no one reaches Sleepytown
Who talks or laughs or cries."

"So, when the sandman engineer
His engine bell has rung,
The passenger for Sleepytown
Must surely hold her tongue."

"Be ready, then to jump abroad,
Kiss mother at the gate,
It's after half-past seven, and
The train is due at eight."

GERTRUDE O. GASKILL.

For Every Other Sunday.

LITTLE AH FUN HAS AN ADVENTURE.

BY KATE LAWRENCE.

WHEN little Ah Fun had been going to school for about six weeks, he had an adventure which he will never forget. What do you suppose it was? He saw a horse for the first time in his life!

The streets in China are very narrow and have no sidewalks; you step right off of the road into the houses, or stores; and, as there are no carriages, there is very little danger of being run over.

People who are too grand to walk, ride, when they go abroad, in a palanquin, which is a kind of sedan-chair carried by poles on the shoulders of two men. Once in a great while, however, a man on horseback rides through the streets, and that is as great an event in China, as a five-mile torchlight procession is in this country.

One afternoon as the children were coming home from school, they heard a cry of "Horse! horse!" Yes, a servant on foot was running through the streets calling out to the people to get out of the way of the dangerous animal!

Little Fun was so frightened that he did not know what to do, but an older boy took hold of his hand and together they ran into a sheltering doorway, where they stood to watch for the strange apparition. Little Fun was in a flutter of excitement, half fear and half delight.

Soon it came, a military officer in a gorgeous uniform of red and yellow, mounted on a splendid black steed, looking as strange to the unaccustomed eyes of the Chinese boys, as a centaur would to you, if one should suddenly come walking up the street.

I doubt if little Fun could have told you which part of it belonged to the man and which to the horse. It all seemed a wonderful whole to him.

The boys watched till the officer dismounted at the door of a restaurant, throwing the reins to another servant who had been told where to wait for him. If one of the humps of the cir-

cus dromedary had suddenly slipped off and walked away on the two fore-legs, it could not have seemed more wonderful to you than this did to the boys. When the officer was safe in the café, they ventured to steal up for a nearer look at the wonderful creature.

"His queue is as long as my father's," said little Fun, looking admiringly at the long graceful tail, "but it isn't braided. Just see how he switches it about," and he tried to throw his own little queue upon the top of his head with the same swift motion.

"You are no horse," said the other boy, laughing at the fair attempt. "You are only a donkey. I saw a horse once before, and its queue was twisted up on his back."

Just then the officer came out, looking none too good-natured after the fiery draughts which he had imbibed, and the boys scampered away. Great was the amazement and interest of his mother and sisters when Ah Fun told about the horse.

"I have seen them pass my father's house," said his mother, "but they seldom come into a quiet street like this. 'Mum-mur-r!' said the oldest girl. 'I wish I was a boy like Fun Loo; then I could go out into the street and see all these wonderful things.'"

"My child," said the mother, in a tone of horror, "you must never say that! My little pigeon must stay in the nest with me and learn to sew and embroider. Grandmother would be very angry if she heard you say that. A lady may look out through the slats in the window curtain, but she must never wish to go out into the street. It would be very improper."

DON'T.

Don't complain

About the weather;

For easier 'tis, you'll find,

To make your mind to weather

Than weather to your mind.

Don't complain

About your neighbor;

For in your neighbor's view,

His neighbor is not faultless—

That neighbor being you.

Selected.

For Every Other Sunday.

TWO FLOODS.

BY ROBERT WARD.

I. The Eastern Flood.

FOR several warm March days in a New England city the rain poured down in torrents and up among the White Mountains it did too. If a Bible writer had been writing about it he would have said, "The windows of heaven were opened."

Gladys and Edward looked out of the window of their house into the street. "O mamma, said Edward, 'the snow is all gone from the electric car track, and there is a little brook running over each rail.'"

"And there goes Charlie's hack on wheels," said Gladys, as that most popular carriage rolled by.

"I don't like this old rain one bit," added Edward, "it just spoils all our sliding."

"You wouldn't like to have snow all summer, would you?" asked their mother.

"Yes, I would," said Edward.

"I think, mamma," said Gladys, "that brother is like that little girl you read about last winter who wanted Christmas every day in the year."

"Yes," said their mother, "my children want very funny things sometimes, and don't you think it is as well that just the things they want don't always come? And you remember the little girl in Mr. Howells' story didn't like Christmas every day after all."

When the children's father came home that evening from his business down town he looked very tired for some reason. "Why, what is the matter?" asked the mother.

"We just missed it," said the father.

"Missed what?" spoke out Edward and his mother in concert.

"Missed losing our stock and store."

"How can that be?" they asked.

"Farewell Block has gone down the river and it took the bridge with it."

It flashed across the mother's mind that the block had been rightly named, but she said: "After all our rains I did worry some to-day about high water in the river. How did you save our store?"

"Well, we were afraid all the time it might go. So we have been working just about all day moving our goods into Mr. Taylor's store. We had to wade in water a foot deep some of the time, but we have saved the most of the goods."

"Was it not a great risk to take?" asked mother.

"It was a little risky, of course, but we had to do it."

"You must not endanger your life, my dear. But I do feel so glad the flood did not take our store, above all, when you were in it." And the children ran to their father and put their arms around him, so happy that he was safe at home.

Mr. Farewell had, several years before, built his block right over the course of the river which crossed the main street of the city at that point. And so people walked from the bridge directly into the store. He had been warned against putting his block there, but he insisted, for he could get a good rent on the main street. The children's father had a fine store next to the Farewell Block and one side of that was built on piles making a part of it also out over the river. As the ice of the flood drove against these piles the store shook and cold chills ran down his back as he and a few friends hurried his things into the next store.

Fortunately, no lives were lost as the block and bridge went down in the raging torrent over the dam just below. Boots and shoes and rubbers and shoe boxes were seen floating among the blocks of ice in the swift current leading to the ocean not many miles away.

It was exciting to Edward and Gladys to hear their father tell about the breaking away of the block and of the bridge, and of the narrow escape of people who ventured on it almost beyond the danger point.

The children pleaded to be allowed to go down and see the river right away, but they had to wait till morning—quite a hardship (until they went to sleep) to impatient children.

To take their attention their mother read that evening the story in the Old Testament of Noah's Ark and the Flood: "The windows of heaven were opened. And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights." She read that Noah and his wife and his three sons and their wives went into the ark: "they and every beast after its kind, and all the cattle after their kind, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth after its kind, and every fowl after its kind, every bird of every wing. And they went in unto Noah into the ark two and two of all flesh wherein is the breath of life. And every living substance was

destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man and cattle and creeping thing and fowl of the heaven. Noah only remained alive and they that were with him in the ark and the waters prevailed upon the earth an hundred and fifty days."

"Now, you see," said the mother, "how much different our flood is from the flood of the Bible story. We certainly ought to be thankful that this was not worse for us. After all the danger we have papa and we have the goods and the store."

"I am glad we didn't live in the time of Noah," said Gladys.

"So am I," said Edward, "but I should like to have seen the animals."

(To be continued.)

For Every Other Sunday.

MARJORIE.

BY GRACE MAY NORTH.

LITTLE Marjorie is a blossom

Sweet as any growing,

All her curls are golden petals

In the spring winds blowing.

But, unlike the meadow wild flowers,

She is never staying

In one place the lovely day long,

But is ever straying,

Hither, thither, brook or woodland,

Hunting for the fairies,

Quite unlike her sister blossoms,

Marjorie never tarries.

For Every Other Sunday.

RUTH AND LAURA AT THE SEA-SIDE.

BY UNCLE ROBERT.

LAST year Ruth and Laura spent the summer together at the seashore.

These two little girls are cousins, and though Ruth is somewhat older than her relative, being ten years of age, while her companion is five, yet they are the firmest of friends, and have the best possible times together.

When Laura was younger, and could not talk as plainly as at present, she used to call her playmate "Roof," to the amusement of all the older ones who heard her, but now she is able to do better, and speak her name more correctly.

Laura's papa has a summer home at a popular resort by the sea, and it was here that the two met last season. And such good times as they had! Every day, at high water, they went in bathing. Laura, young as she is, is already learning to swim; while Ruth was not in the least afraid to wade boldly out into deep water through the curling waves.

Then there was the romping and racing on the wide, hard beach, playing in the boat moored alongside the wharf, and building of forts and castles, rivers and water canals, in the sand.

All in all, the time passed very pleasantly, and all too quickly, away. But there were dull days, too, now and then, when the clouds gathered, and the rain fell unceasingly; and it was quite impossible to be out of doors.

On one such day the little playmates had seemingly exhausted all their resources. Even running and racing up and down the long hotel piazza and playing hide and seek in its spacious parlors had grown tiresome, and they were at a loss to know what to do next.

Now, it so happened that an elderly gentleman, quite unnoticed by the two, had been watching them at their play, with much interest,

from his easy chair by the hearthside; and now, at last, he called to them to come to him.

It was evident at once that he must be quite familiar with children and their ways, and so he was, for he was the pastor of a large city church, and had always regarded the care and training of the children in his charge as by no means the least of the duties and privileges intrusted to him.

"I can tell you something nice to play, now," said he, in his genial, winning way, "come and hear all about it."

Ruth and Laura were quickly at his side.

"It is called, we will say, hunting the missing letters," he went on, "and I will show you how it is done."

He took a pencil and piece of paper from his pocket, and began writing, while his young friends looked on with interest. When he had finished, here is what he had written:

R-m-m-e-n-w-h-C-e-t-r-n-h-d-y-
o-t-y-o-t-

W-i-e-h-e-i-d-y-c-m-n-t,-o-t-e-
e-r-d-a-n-g-

W-e-t-o-s-a-t-a,-I-a-e-o-l-a-u-e-
n-h-m.

"There," said he, when at last it was finished, "there is hidden away a certain sentence, well worth remembering, from a certain very good book. Can you tell what it is, and where it can be found?"

Ruth guessed the riddle very quickly. Reader, can you?

THERE is an idea abroad among people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good, myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SOME OTHER DAY.

THERE are wonderful things we are going to do,
Some other day.

And harbors we hope to drift into
Some other day.

With folded hands and oars that trail
We watch and wait for a favoring gale
To fill the folds of an idle sail
Some other day.

We know we must toil if ever we win
Some other day.
But we say to ourselves there's time to begin
Some other day.

And so, deferring, we loiter on,
Until at last we find withdrawn
The strength of the hope we leaned upon
Some other day.

And when we are old and our race is run,
Some other day,
We fret for the things that might have been
done
Some other day.

Selected.

SOME men think most of the things which cannot be done, and we call them pessimists. Others look hopefully at the things that can be done, and we call them optimists. Paul did not draw the distinction at all. He threw himself boldly against possible and impossible alike, saying, "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me."

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THE Editor offers to teachers, parents, and those concerned in the education of the young, four "Keywords." They may serve, here and there, as it may be, some helpful purpose. And to any young man or woman, loving ideals, we commend these sources of light and guiding inspiration.

Those who are seeking the happy and honorable life believe these things:

That out of the heart are the issues of life. Sentiment rules the world. It is the source of home ties, friendship, loyalty, worship, and grand ideals.

That honesty is not simply a good policy, but the bed rock of civilization. The sincere man is the lover of truth. He is not afraid to be unpopular for conscience' sake. He faces the light.

That we are bound to help one another, to "lend a hand," to pull together. The word "service" is a magic word. Alone, we can be true to ourselves, but together we lift the world. Brotherhood belongs to the children of our Heavenly Father.

That, so far as we can, these things shall prevail. Three steps mark the victory of character: conscience, conviction, courage. We may add cheerfulness and conquest as results. We must be enthusiastic in advocacy of these objects.

Wherever we are placed, whatever our faith, in all our years, these great words will be keys to happiness and honor: Sentiment, Sincerity, Service, Supremacy.

For Every Other Sunday.

A MISCHIEVOUS PLAYFELLOW.

BY INEZ DEJARNATT COOPER.

ROBBIE'S mother used to allow him to play in the large yard of his friend, Tommy Rand, who lived next door. When she wanted him, she would step to the porch and call, "Robbie!"

One day when he and Tommy were playing he heard her call him quite sharply. He knew that it must be a very serious reason which would make his mother call him so and he ran breathlessly home.

When he got into the house their new neighbor, Mrs. Axtel, was there, calling. He stood, hat in hand, waiting, as his mother seemed busily talking and he did not want to interrupt her. In a moment she turned to him and said pleasantly:

"You may go and play with Tommy for an hour if you wish."

Now this was just what she had said to him a few moments before and she had seen him go, so Robbie was very much surprised; but as she had company he went out without asking any questions.

The next day when he was playing he heard the same sharp call, and hurrying into the house he asked his mother what she wanted.

"Nothing," she said, "I do not need you at present."

"I thought you called me," replied he, puzzled, "just like you did yesterday, and I thought that you wanted me in a hurry."

His mother was puzzled, too, and asked him several questions. She then told him to go out again and play. Just as he and Tommy started a game of horse they again heard the sharp cry of "Robbie!" and looking towards his mother, who stood on the porch watching, Robbie saw her point toward a great green parrot, which hung in a cage on their new neighbor's porch.

Robbie and Tommy afterward became firm friends with the parrot, but even this did not prevent Polly from sometimes mischievously calling them from their play.

HOME STUDY CLUB.

QUOTATIONS.

NAME the authors of the following quotations:

1. Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever:
Do noble things, not dream them all day long.
2. Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.
3. At Christmas play, and make good cheer, For Christmas comes but once a year.
4. 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.
5. I awoke one morning and found myself famous.
6. Every man meets his Waterloo at last.
7. In the providence of God, there are no accidents.

Answers

To questions published April 12, 1908.

1. June 14, 1777. Thirteen white stars on a blue field and thirteen alternate stripes of red and white.
2. Betsey Ross, of Philadelphia.
3. April 4, 1818.
4. Forty-five stars. Thirteen stripes, seven red and six white, so arranged that the first and last stripes are red.
5. At military posts the flag is raised at reveille, at naval posts, and on battleships, at 8 A.M. At all posts it is lowered at sunset.
6. As a signal of distress the flag is "reversed"; that is, the stripes are at the masthead. As a signal of sorrow the flag is at "half mast"; that is, run out only half way to the masthead.
7. June 14 is "Flag Day," being the anniversary of the adoption by Congress of a national flag.
8. The seal of the United States on a blue ground.

LETTER-BOX.

NORTH BILLERICA.

Dear Editor,—My Sunday School gives us the *Every Other Sunday*, and I find great pleasure in reading it. I thought I would try one of the anagrams, so here are my answers to the girls' names in No. 10.

Yours truly,

ELIZABETH TALBOT.

ENIGMA XXVI.

I AM composed of 12 letters.

My 1, 10, 11, 4, 11, 9, is a boy's name.

My 1, 5, 9, 12, is at the head of the family.

My 2, 11, 4, 8, is a small mountain.

My 5, 1, 9, 4, 7, is a fruit.

My 4, 3, 6, is a kitchen utensil.

My whole is a large city in the Middle Atlantic States.

RAMONA V. DIAMOND.

ENIGMA XXVII.

I AM composed of 7 letters.

My 1, 3, 6, is a domestic animal.

My 2, 3, 5, 4, is a part of the head.

My 2, 3, 7, is harvested in July.

My whole is the greatest thing man can do.

ELIZABETH DAVIS.
MARGARET REID.

ENIGMA XXVIII.

I AM composed of 13 letters.

My 3, 12, 13, is a bad thing.

My 1, 5, 6, is restful.

My 2, 5, 11, 7, 8, is found on what we are anxious to have.

My 4, 10, 4, 6, 9, is what no one wants.

My whole is what most people like.

LESLIE WOOD.

A MAGAZINE PUZZLE.

1. A period of time.
2. One of the oceans.
3. A group of States.
4. A portrayer.
5. A knife.
6. The children's friend.
7. A view.
8. A citizen of the world.
9. What every one should have.
10. An old-time musician.
11. A companion of a witch.
12. Once in two weeks.

C. F. F.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 16.

ENIGMA XXIII.—Father, forgive them.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Mabel. 2. Marion. 3. Bertha. 4. Dora. 5. Edna. 6. Mary. 7. Alice. 8. Rose.

SQUARE WORD.— C A P
A T E
P E T

CONUNDRUM.—Nowhere (now-here).

We are pleased to report the following names of readers who have mailed to us solutions of puzzles: Carrie F. Fiske, East Lexington, Mass.; Elizabeth Talbot, North Billerica, Mass.; Ethel Clarke, Montreal, Canada; Salome W. Alger, Tyngsboro, Mass.; Marion B. Frazer, East Lexington, Mass.; Winifred Archibald, Waltham, Mass.; Ramona V. Diamond, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Marie L. Foy, Randolph, Vt.

The Editor still has some puzzles which he has not yet been able to use from lack of space. Some of these "left-overs" were received in March. The senders must not be discouraged, for their contributions will surely be printed before the volume closes. One reason for this apparent delay is the fact that the papers are prepared some three or four weeks previous to the date on the first page.

The wisdom of nations lies in their proverbs, which are brief and pithy.

WILLIAM PENN.

WANT of will, not want of opportunity, is responsible for most of our failures. Lifetime hopes are destroyed by weakness of purpose, as a bell is ruined, in the process of casting, by a broken mould.

There are occasions on which all apology is rudeness.

JOHNSON.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

REV. EDWARD A. HORTON, EDITOR.

(A BI-WEEKLY.)

The uniform subscription price of *EVERY OTHER SUNDAY* is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district and in Canada must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday Schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools. Twenty-two numbers constitute a volume. Publication is suspended in July and August.

Entered as second-class mail matter, Boston.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,
25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.